

Besides, people who are forever blaming themselves for their blunders wrinkles very soon. Look at your reflection in the mirror some day when you are gritting your teeth and clenching your fists over the recollection of an awkward error or an ignorant speech. You won't like that expression.

Then think what it should mean if it should become permanent.

Just one last word—Mistakes are of the dead past; let them bury themselves—and don't you be one of the mourners.

RATHER DIFFICULT

They were newly married and had taken a little house with a garden about twenty miles from town. Of course, they had promised all their friends to send produce from their horticultural plot.

They had been there about a year, when the wife reminded her husband of their undertaking.

"Jack," said she, "you promised to send all our friends some early vegetables."

"I know I did, my dear," he answered.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I was thinking if seats at the theater would do instead as a compromise. I don't quite see how I am going to divide four dishes among a dozen families."

During one month recently shipments of British salt totaled nearly 100,000 tons.

POINT OF ETIQUETTE

The wedding had just gone off without a hitch, and the bride and groom had departed amid a perfect shower of confetti, rice and slippers. The process of departure had been watched with the keenest delight by little May Fitzjones, who, with her parents, was of the party of guests remaining behind.

Then, when the hum of excitement had died away, the childish inquisitiveness was manifested once again.

"Why do you throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?" piped May.

"For luck, my dear," replied a bridesmaid.

"And why," she asked again, "doesn't the pretty lady throw them back?"

"Oh," was the answer, "that would be rude!"

"No, it wouldn't," persisted the dear little May, to the delight of her doting parents, who were standing close by, "ma always does!"

Customary

It was a college town, and he was a freshman calling on a young lady he had known as a boy. The servant who admitted him asked for his name.

"Say an old friend"—very airily—"Amicus."

Bridget said: "Yes, sor," and retired, but in a moment returned to ask, "If you plaze, sor, what sort of a cuss did yez say that ye wuz?"